

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

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Review of New Books.

A Narrative of the Expedition to the Rivers Orinoco and Apuré, in South America; which sailed from England, in November 1817, and joined the Patriotic Forces, in Venezuela and Caraccas. By G. Hippiisley, Esq. late Colonel of the First Venezuelan Huzzars, and Colonel-Commandant of the British Brigade in South America. 8vo. pp. 653. London, 1819.

It has always occurred to us, that there must be something radically wrong in conducting the affairs of the Patriots of South America, for it is difficult to conceive, were this not the case, how the Spaniards should have been able still to maintain a footing on any part of this extensive continent. A French republican philosopher, (Mirabeau, we believe,) has said, that 'for a nation to love liberty, it is sufficient that they know it, and to be free, it is enough that they will it.' If this test is applied to the South Americans, who have been waging a sanguinary war against a feeble enemy, for many years, and have not driven their oppressors from their shores, we must either infer that they do not know the blessings of that liberty they are seeking, and, therefore, do not make the necessary efforts to obtain it, or that there is some fatal mismanagement in the affairs of the Republicans. That the latter is the case, to a certain extent, is as unquestionable as that tyranny and ingratitude have marked the conduct of their leaders. Many of our gallant countrymen, who had tendered their services to assist them in the most glorious of all causes, the emancipation of their country, have been treated with neglect; the delusive hopes held out to them have not been realized, and they have been left to perish in that inhospitable land they had sought to liberate from its oppressors; or have retired, with horror and disgust, rather than rise in the pride of triumph at the merciless massacre of unarmed prisoners, and the infernal sporting with human sufferings.

Colonel Hippiisley, whose narrative is now before us, appears to have been the first British officer, who sought to aid the cause of the South Americans by British soldiers. In 1817, he proposed to Don Luis Lopez Mendez, the deputy of the Venezuelan Republic, in London, to raise a troop of hussars, and have them armed and equipped in England; this offer was accepted, the terms entered into, men were obtained, and Colonel Hippiisley appointed colonel-commandant. After some delays, they embarked for the Orinoco, stopped at the islands of St. Bartholomew and Grenada, at both which places duels were fought by the officers, while several of the men deserted. At San Fernando they mutinied, several of the officers tendered their resignations, and, with their men, joined the troops of General Paez. When they reached Angustura,

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'nothing but carrion beef could be obtained for either officer or man. No bread or cassava; no vegetables; no rice; no salt, or pepper; no sugar, candles, or soap; no rum or wine;' and yet there were plenty of those articles in the stores and in the merchants' houses; but Bolivar, supreme chief of the republic, wishing to evade confirming the agreement entered into by his agent in London, refused to pay the expenses stipulated, and thought, no doubt, to starve them into compliance. After disposing of every thing he had, even to his cocked hat and feather, which Bolivar himself bought, Colonel Hippiisley obtained his passport, the return of his commission, and the written agreement with Mendez; he then embarked for England. Bolivar had assured Colonel Hippiisley, that if Mendez would sign his accounts, he should immediately be paid, but on the colonel's arrival in London, Mendez refused, was arrested, and sent to the King's Bench Prison, and the affair is still unsettled.

Colonel Hippiisley draws a gloomy picture of the affairs of the Venezuelan Republic; the want of cordiality among the republican generals, and of military skill on the part of Bolivar, with the inferiority of the republican forces, give little hope of a speedy termination of the sanguinary conquest—the aspiring Bolivar, if he lives, will look up for monarchical honours, and for a diadem to crown his brow. He would be king of Venezuela and New Granada, and thus again enslave his country under a kingly despotism.

The narrative of Colonel Hippiisley is most prolix and tedious, and might, with the exception of the appendix of regimental orders, and other useless documents, have been detailed in one hundred pages; there are, however, some facts relating to the productions of the country, and anecdotes of the republican chiefs, which, though thinly scattered through the volume, afford some relief to the tedious narrative.

At Angustura, after attending mass and hearing a republican sermon, they danced round the tree of liberty; a band of Indians exhibited their mock heroics, and performed for the amusement of the spectators:—

'The Indian dance is not only amusing, but scientific: it would create wonder and applause on any stage in Europe. The leader is styled their chief, or Indian king, to whom the others pay implicit obedience. The chief, and twelve Indian lads, from twelve to fifteen years of age, dressed in the costume of the country, viz. a short petticoat tied round the waist, and decorated with various coloured feathers, compose the whole of the body dress: the petticoat extends almost to the knees, and is very tastefully ornamented; round the head, a coronet of coloured paper, decorated with plumes of feathers, is displayed, and the long twisted black hair gives a finished appearance to the whole. The chief alone wears a mantle, adorned with pieces of scarlet cloth, gracefully thrown over his shoulders, and, with a short sceptre in his hand, commands the whole. He wears a large coronet on his head. The

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boys are all armed with bows and arrows, and having formed themselves into two lines, their king walks down the middle, and seats himself in the chair of state. He is supposed to personate Montezuma, who, on receiving a letter from Cortez, demanding unconditional surrender of his person and treasures, is so irritated and displeased, as to cause him to tear the letter in pieces, before his body guard, and having imparted to them its contents, demands of them if they are willing to die in their Inca's defence. Their answer is an instantaneous prostration of themselves at the feet of their monarch, in token of their firm resolution to defend him to the last extremity, and to die in his cause. They then, on a sudden, arise, and having strung their bows, shew their readiness for immediate defence. The piece then concludes, and dancing recommences. The pole dance in general closes the diversion of the afternoon; a dance so called, from the production of a pole about ten feet high, and about four or five inches in circumference. At the head, is a round ball or truck, immediately under which is fastened twelve different coloured, and various striped pieces of French tape, about half an inch broad, and about twelve feet, each piece, in length. The pole being kept perpendicularly supported, each Indian lad lays hold of a line of tape, which is drawn to its full length, the whole forming a large circle around the pole, one regularly covering his companion in front. At a signal from the chief, the music strikes up a favourite tune, and the circle becomes in motion, half of the performers facing to the right about: on the second signal, each step off, and meeting each other, pass on in succession right and left, and so continue until the twelve lines of tape are entwined in checked order, from the top to the bottom of the pole; and so regular is the appearance, that it would be difficult to find a flaw or a mistake. A halt for the moment takes place, and the same process is again renewed to unwind the tape, which is as regularly completed as before, by inverting the dance and leading from left to right. It is not only graceful, but the movements of the whole, are in step and time, to the various cadences which the instrument produces. At the various periods I saw this performance, the instrument was a violin, and the tune a favourite French waltz.

The numerous herds of black cattle, in South America, which run wild, are so savage in disposition, that it is dangerous to approach them unarmed, or on foot; they are caught by men on horseback, who throw a noose over the head of the beast and drag it along. The feathered tribe is very numerous:—

‘Every kind of bird appears in view, and the plumage of the greater number is beyond description beautiful. The nightingale salutes you with her song at night, and a sort of thrush hails the morn. The mocking bird, too, diverts and astonishes the traveller, nor does the woodlark less contribute to the melody around. The water-fowl are in prodigious multitudes. The pelican, flamingo, and several species of the crane, are alwas in sight, busily employed in catching fish on the margin of the rivers. I should not forget to mention another kind of carrion bustard, nearly as numerous as the black sort, equally familiar, and equally bold, that from this spot attend the boats in flocks, waiting the moment of landing, and the spreading of the food, to pick up the bones of meat, and scraps which are left behind. They are remarkable for the beauty and richness of their plumage. They are not unlike the cock pheasants of Europe and of China, in size and variegated colouring of their feathers. The male bird has a very long and brilliant tail of three feathers; and a top-knot or tuft upon the head, equally variegated, is common to both genders. The parrot kind consisting chiefly of flocks of the small green, or parroquet, the larger green and grey parrot, and the great and lesser macaw, are in great abundance, and find ready purchasers in various islands of the West Indies. They are brought down to Angustura, sold there to the sailors for a trifle, and by them at the various islands at from two to five dollars each.’

‘The monkey tribes are very numerous: those which I in general saw, sporting on the branches of the trees, were the small ring-tail monkey, who can with his tail swing himself from a bough, and make it his support when sleeping, or basking under the morning or evening's sun. This species of monkey has a shrill shriek when frightened, but a soft plaintive whistle when fondled and domesticated. Some of these are very small, not larger than a two-months' kitten, and full of play, tricks, and merriment.

‘Of the land-serpent kind I saw but few: only one particularly large met my view. It was about ten feet long, as large round the body as a man's arm, with a prodigiously wide mouth, which it opened to an extent which would, I think, easily have taken between its jaws the head of a sheep divested of its horns. This monstrous reptile removed slowly from my sight, occasionally halting to see if I pursued it, extending its jaws, and hissing, while it coiled along the ground, till lost to my view, by entering the bushes. I had no fire-arms with me at the moment, and I did not choose to follow it, or impede its way, without being able to defend myself against its probable attack, had I attempted to molest it. I never did see any of those large snakes or serpents, which, I have heard, infest the woods and plains of that part of South America. Nor did I ever meet one person who could confidently assert that he ever witnessed, or saw the large serpent, or “boa constrictor,” of which South American travellers give so marvellous an account.’

In the Orinoco, there is what the author calls a real Charybdis:—

‘There is a grand and awful appearance of the large body of water, which comes rushing down between two immense pillars of rock, erected by nature in the middle of the channel, through which are perceived trees of immense size precipitated by the current above, which having approached the centre of the basin, meets the indraught, by which it is forced back into an eddy of the stream, and then drawn again into a vortex, or whirlpool, powerfully realizing the idea of the ancient Charybdis. Even the largest trees were sucked under water as soon as they entered the whirling gulf, and when the eye met them again, they were seen in the centre of the outlet stream, passing rapidly down with the current. Do boats come down the same channel? I eagerly inquired; and was answered in the affirmative, excepting when the fulness of the Orinoco permits them to take another rapid to the left, between rocks in a range from an island in front, to the main land. Those rocks, the captain said, would in a few days more be nearly if not entirely covered with water: they broke the force of the stream coming down, and it was then safer for the craft to descend.’

The mocking bird, a native of these immense forests, gave our author a decisive proof of its powers of utterance, and its capability of articulating two or more syllables, with such clearness of sound and expression, as to astonish all who heard it.

General Paez, who commands the Venezuelan Cavalry, is about five feet seven inches high; rather fleshy; plump round face, fair complexion, and of a most prepossessing appearance. He appeared in a dark blue jacket, sabre, and cocked hat, with a large silver cockade in front.

‘Paez is self-taught, and sprang up all of a sudden, from nothing, during the revolution, before which he was hardly heard of. When it broke out, he was soon found at the head of a numerous body, avowedly for the purpose of aiding the cause of the republic. His courage, intrepidity, repeated successes, and the number of his followers, speedily gained him a name. The quickness of his movements, the rapidity with which he pursued the flying enemy, the personal conflicts in which he had been engaged, and the conquests he had made, both collectively and individually, rendered him the admiration of his adherents, and the dread of the enemies,

into whom his very name struck terror as they advanced to the plains and savannahs to encounter him. His followers, too, were all so many Paezes, looking up to their general as a superior being, to whose mandate upwards of four thousand brave men paid implicit obedience. On the parade, or in the field, Paez was their general and supreme. In the hours of rest from the fatigues of a long and rapid march, or from conquest over the adversary, and the retaliation rigidly executed, Paez would be seen dancing with his people, in the ring formed for that purpose, smoking with them, drinking from the same cup, and lighting the fresh segar from the one in the mouth of his brother soldier.

On intelligence (for he kept his videttes on the alert, and never was surprised on his post) of the approach of the enemy, the words, "Come away, my brave boys!" uttered in Spanish, was sufficient: in a few minutes all were ready, and, with this hero at their head, they were invincible; and it is asserted that Paez never lost a battle wherein he commanded, though under the orders of Bolivar he had been beaten.

General Paez is uncommonly active. He will, for amusement, as he did before some English officers, single out a wild bull from the herd of cattle, and ride him down, pass his lance through, and thus slay him; or gallop up to the animal's rear, and grasping the tail firmly in his hand, twist it so suddenly and so strongly as to throw the beast on his side, when, if some of his followers do not come up at the moment to pierce him, he will, by a cut of his *sabre*, ham-string and leave him, until the arrival of his people puts the finishing stroke to life, and the flesh is prepared for cooking.

In the action of Ortiz, in 1818, Paez, with his own lance, and with his own single arm, killed thirty-nine of the enemy, and was taken ill while running the fortieth through the body. Since the refusal of General Morillo to give quarter, Paez has never been known to spare the life of a prisoner. The dress and equipment of the republican troops is sufficiently grotesque, if we are to take the account of Seden's cavalry as a true picture:—

Seden's cavalry were composed of all sorts and sizes, from the man to the boy; from the horse to the mule. Some of the troopers with saddles, very many of them without; some with bits, leather head-stalls, and reins; others with rope lines, with a bight of the rope placed over the tongue of the horse, as a bit; some with old pistols hung over the saddle bow, I cannot call it the pommel, either incased in tiger-skin or ox-hide holster pipes, or hanging by a thong of hide on each side. As for the troopers themselves, they were from thirteen to thirty-six or forty years of age—black, brown, sallow complexion, according to the casts of their parents. The adults wore large mustachios, and short hair, either woolly or black, according to climate or descent. They had a ferocious, savage look, which the regimentals they appeared in did not tend to humanize or improve. Mounted on miserable, half-starved, jaded beasts, whether horse or mule, some without trowsers, small-clothes, or any covering except a bandage of blue cloth or cotton round their loins, the end of which, passing between their legs, fastened to the girth round the waist; others with trowsers, but without stockings, boots, or shoes, and a spur generally gracing the heel on one side; and some wearing a kind of sandal made of hide, with the hairy side outward. In their left hand they hold the reins, and in their right a pole, from eight to ten feet in length, with an iron spear, very sharp at the point and sides, and rather flat; in shape like our serjeant's halbert. A blanket of about a yard square, with a hole, or rather slit, cut in the centre, through which the wearer thrusts his head; falls on each side of his shoulders, thus covering his body, and leaving his bare arms at perfect liberty to manage his horse, or mule, and lance. Sometimes an old musket, (the barrel of which has been shortened twelve inches,) forms his carbine; and with a large *sabre*, or hanger, or cut-and thrust, or even a small

sword, hanging by a leather thong to his side, together with either a felt hat, a tiger skin or hide cap, on his head, with a white feather, or even a piece of white rag, stuck into it, these troopers of the legion of Seden appear complete, and ready for action.

Of Bolivar, the supreme chief of the Venezuelan republic, we have the following account:—

The smallness of his stature, and the meanness of his figure and physiognomy, would rather create contempt than respect; nor would he seem entitled to command obedience to his orders, if the fire of his eyes, in sudden gusts of passion, and moments of displeasure, did not tell you, that Bolivar himself knew, and felt, that he could not only threaten but execute vengeance. He possesses neither gratitude, honour, liberality, sympathy, nor humanity; yet he pretends that his heart and disposition are congenial to all those sentiments, and constantly act in unison.

Personal courage he is gifted with, even to a fault. He has, however, never yet achieved any action worthy of renown, or equal to the real intrepidity with which he is endowed; because reason, judgment, and even necessary discretion, have been wanting.

He has neither talent nor abilities for a general, and especially for a commander-in-chief. The numerous mistakes he has made throughout the whole of his campaigns for the last eight years, have nearly desolated the provinces, and annihilated the population. The repeated surprises he has experienced from the enemy, (already seven,) prove my assertion, and bear me out in declaring, that any one of them would have disgraced a corporal's guard.

The final slaughter of the prisoners, after the battle, or during the retreat, is completely acquiesced in by Bolivar, who has himself condescended to witness this scene of butchery and infamy: yet it must be admitted that Morillo more than keeps pace in the sanguinary species of warfare, the example of which was first set by the royalist troops, and became to the latest moment a measure of retaliation, and, without doubt, will continue so, until mutual ideas of humanity invest the minds of the contending parties.

Bolivar would willingly ape the great man. He aspires to be a second Bonaparte in South America, without possessing a single talent for the duties of the field or the cabinet. He would be king of New Granada and Venezuela, without genius to command, consequence to secure, or abilities to support the elevated station to which his ambition most assuredly aspires. In victory—in transient prosperity—he is a tyrant, and displays the feelings and littleness of an upstart. He gives way to sudden gusts of resentment, and becomes, in a moment, a madman and, (pardon the expression,) a black-guard; throws himself into his hammock, (which is constantly slung for his use,) and utters curses and imprecations upon all around him, of the most disgusting and diabolical nature. In defeat, in danger, in retreat, he is perplexed, and contemptible even to himself—weighed down by disasters, which he has neither skill nor strength of mind to encounter, to enlighten, or to remove. In this state he appeared to me at the retreat to and from San Fernando, when he looked the image of misery and despair.

The description of the natives is very short:—

The Indians and the Creoles are a very fine race of people. The former are beautifully formed in person; have, almost without exception, white and even teeth; and are very expert either with the lance or bow and arrow. The females, like the males, wear only a piece of blue cloth round their waist. Their hair is as black as jet, and worn either loose and hanging down their backs, or twisted and fastened to the head by an ebony skewer. Their flesh is remarkably firm, and the breast, even of women who have borne children, retains its shape and firmness.

On the whole, we confess we have been much disap-

pointed in this work ; instead of a clear concise narrative, which should have placed at once, before our view, the question of republican ingratitude to British officers and soldiers volunteering to their assistance, we are led through a detail of six or seven hundred pages, trivial, uninteresting, and barren of incident. Whatever opinion may be entertained of Don Luis de Mendez, Colonel Hippisley does not appear to have inspired any confidence either in the officers or men that he had raised ; the former resigned and the latter mutinied ; and this circumstance had probably some share in the neglect that he experienced. That the Venezuelan Republic is either grateful or honourable, we may, perhaps, doubt, but we should like the proof of their being neither, established on better charges than those of Colonel Hippisley, before we gave them entire credence.

The Counterfeit Saints ; or, Female Fanaticism : in Two Cantos. With other Poems. By Charles Swan, Catherine Hall, Cambridge. Second Edition. 8vo. pp. 200. London, 1819.

It is astonishing how few people can bear success, even in trifles. Mr. Swan is an instance of this. In the preface to the first edition of these poems, he 'bespeaks the indulgence of his readers, begs they will not convert the errors of the head into the faults of the heart, and wishes them a safe conduct through this world of criticism ;' but no sooner was a second edition called for, than he rails against the 'malevolence of some, and the ignorant conceit of others,' who had thought less favourably of his work than himself, and gives what he calls a reproof to all the would-be wits and critics, who have noticed his poems. But, with all due deference to Mr. Swan, we may observe, that would-be poets and authors are much more numerous than critics, and that it is not the least painful of the duties of the latter to peruse the many worthless productions that come before them. We make this remark without any reference to the poems before us, which certainly possess some merit, but not enough to justify the literary vanity of the author.

The 'Counterfeit Saints' is founded on a circumstance which is said to have occurred in France. Two rogues determined on robbing a rich old religious devotee, and, for that purpose, one of them personated St. Thomas, and invited himself to sup with the old lady, who, to give a due reception to so distinguished a guest, borrowed a quantity of plate for the occasion. The silversmith lent the plate, but, suspecting the trick, was determined to protect it, so disguised himself as St. Peter, and, with five of the French police, as attendant angels, entered the house of Mrs. Julie, and reproached the most unbelieving of all the apostles. Hermon, the colleague of the mock St. Thomas, who was watching the door, having seen the six persons enter, run to his fellow thieves, and placing himself at the head of a dozen, put Guillaume, the silversmith, and his angels to flight, and bore off the plate. We shall select Hermon's adventure as a specimen :—

'Hermon soon reach'd this place, such speed he made,
And popping thro' the burrow, like a rabbit,
Quickly rous'd up his brethren in the trade,
And bade *twice six* assume an angel's habit ;—
Disguises of all sorts such lads provide,
Which hide their tricks,—when rogues have tricks to hide.

The youth himself became a second Peter,
And with his troop, sped swiftly to the house ;
No wind, indeed, could possibly be fleetier,
E'en tho' old Æolus the blast arouse !
And just as Peter Senior, with his crew,
Brought Thomas forth, the junior came in view.

A dozen strapping fellows against six,
E'en magnanimity, I think, must say,
(However we may "kick against the pricks,")
Would hardly be in Britain thought fair play ;
And Frenchmen, in such cases, are not nice,
Running, besides, is *national* exercise !

So off ran Guillaume with the rest, and left
Thomas to joy in this successful plan ;

But ah ! of what a strain are you bereft—
The fight of angels—and the fall of man !
Oh ! what great things, which *might* have come to light,
Are now enveloped in eternal night !

This poem, though not destitute of spirit or of humour, is spun to an unnecessary length, and contains censures against the lovely sex, which his apologetic 'Advertisement' will scarcely palliate. Some of the minor pieces in this volume we think preferable ; we select three, to show that although the author, in speaking of women, has selected the dark side of the picture for his principal poem, that he is not insensible to their charms :—

'TO CLARA.

* Give me a thousand kisses, sweet,
The thousand kisses, oh ! repeat ;
Repeat them, dearest, o'er and o'er ;
Repeat them till thou hast no more !
Thus, whilst thy lips of *weight* are eas'd,
The heart of malice will be pleas'd,
And envy, too, will be content,
When all thy gifts of love are spent.
So each some profit finds in this—
Then kiss, my dear, begin to kiss.

'TO MIRA.

Come, Mira, let us seek the bow'r,
Where roses bud, and woodbines twine,
Enjoy, at least, one happy hour,
Nor thus at destiny repine.

For ah ! it but augments our woe,
And whilst time moves with tardy wing,
'Tis hope alone can bid joy flow,
And happiness 'mid sorrow spring.

Then pr'ythee, be no longer sad ;
Sing, sing that mournful song again,
Which once had pow'r, would *now* it had,
To dull the keenest thought of pain !

Nay, look not thus, for oh ! 'tis hard
To watch that sorrowing tearful eye,
And yet denied the sweet reward,
To soothe thy heartfelt misery.

Yet sing, yet sing ; for who can tell,
When angels catch the heav'nly strain,
Obedient to thy magic spell,
E'en happiness may come again !

'TO MARY.

Love, in thine eyes delighted plays,
And shines, as sparks on di'monds glow,
And oft the wily urchin strays,
Roving that bosom white as snow !

* "Da mi basia mille, deinde centum," &c.—Catullus. lib. 1. car. 5.

But ah! sweet girl, in time beware,
Dost thou not know his roguish art?
The little plunderer hides him there,
To steal thy unsuspecting heart!

The epigrams do not possess much point; the following are the best:—

‘THE GENEROUS FRIEND.

“Doubt not my faith! whatever some pretend,
I will stick to you, to the last, my friend;”
So Quitam said: writs, bailiffs, soon undo him—
Yet Quitam’s true, he—to the last stuck to him!

‘TO ———.

Yes, you are listen’d to, but not believ’d,
For if we trusted, we should be deceiv’d;
Yet, if you say your meaning’s to deceive,
’Tis more than probable we *shall* believe!

‘ADVICE TO ———.

Laugh, laugh—nor heed what *other* fools may do,
Laugh you at them, they *can* but laugh at you!

‘Ned hates a niggard—yet the cautious elf
Has too much wit to quarrel with himself!’

We now take our leave of Mr. Swan, not doubting but when he next comes before us, it will be under more favourable circumstances than at present.

1. *Memoirs of the Court of Napoleon Buonaparte.* 8vo. pp. 333. London, 1819.

2. *Memoires pour servir a la vie d’un homme célèbre:* par M. M****.

WHATEVER relates to Bonaparte cannot fail of being interesting; an individual, who, from a subordinate rank in the army, raised himself to the throne of a mighty empire, or rather to the throne of a kingdom, which he extended to a mighty empire,—who formed treaties with all the powers of Europe, deposed and created monarchs at his will, and allied himself to an imperial descendant of the Cæsars, must be a personage too extraordinary to be forgotten, even in retirement. His name is closely identified with the age in which he lived, and he has left many imperishable records of his greatness and his talents.

The two works we have coupled together, under one notice, consist of numerous anecdotes relating to Bonaparte in private life; the first is by Madame Durand, a lady of the bed-chamber to Maria Louisa, and therefore there is little doubt of the authenticity of the anecdotes she relates; we shall, therefore, transfer a few of them to our pages, without further comment:—

‘M. de Narbonne had presided at an electoral college in a department at a considerable distance from the capital. “What do they say of me through the different departments through which you have passed?” inquired the emperor. “Sire,” replied M. de Narbonne, “some say you are a deity, others that you are a devil; but all agree that you are more than a man.”

‘Bonaparte retained, for a long time, the friendship which he had contracted at earlier periods, and having become first consul, he continued to receive at St. Cloud those friends whom he had known in his humbler fortune. What contributed to make him change his conduct in this respect, was, that many of them forgot what was due to the chief of the French government, and thus forced him to remember it himself. Dugazon was amongst this number; one day that he was at St. Cloud, Bonaparte remarked, that the embonpoint of this actor had increased considerably. “How round you are growing, Dugazon,” said he, patting him on the stomach.

“Not so much so as you, my little man,” replied the buffoon, allowing himself the same liberty. My little man said nothing, but Dugazon was never admitted into his presence again.

‘Talma also took some liberties, which very justly displeased Bonaparte. He was banished from his intimacy, but did not lose the protection of a master, who paid his debts every year, and allowed him considerable donations, without, however, being able to make him rich.

‘One morning, that one of his chamberlains, related to the first nobility of France, was in the anti-chamber of the emperor’s closet, the latter called him, and asked for a book. “Sire,” said the chamberlain, “the valets are gone out, but I will call them.” “I do not ask them,” replied Napoleon, “I ask you: what difference is there between them and you? They have a laced green livery, and you have an embroidered red.”

‘Napoleon once complained to Maria Louisa, of the conduct of her mother-in-law and the arch dukes having manifested considerable dissatisfaction, he added, “As to the emperor, I say nothing of him, he is a *ganache*.” Maria Louisa did not understand this expression; and as soon as Napoleon withdrew, she asked her attendants what it meant. As none of the ladies could venture to explain its real signification, they told her that the word was used to designate a serious reflecting man. The empress forgot neither the term nor the definition, and she some time afterwards applied it in a very amusing way. During the time she was entrusted with the regency of the French empire, an important question, one day, came under discussion at the Council of State. Having remarked that Cambacérès did not utter a word, she turned towards him, and said, “I should like to have your opinion on this business, sir, for I know you are a *ganache*.” At this compliment, Cambacérès stared with astonishment and consternation, while he repeated, in a low tone of voice, the word *ganache*. “Yes,” replied the empress, “a *ganache*, a serious thinking sort of man; is not that the meaning of it?” No one made any reply, and the discussion proceeded.’

‘One day, as he entered the apartments of the empress, he observed a young lady seated with her back towards the door. He beckoned to those who saw him, to be silent, and advancing softly to the back of her chair, he placed his hands over her eyes. She knew of no one who was likely to behave in this familiar way, except M. Bourdier, an old and respectable man, attached to the empress’s household, in quality of chief physician, and she immediately concluded it was he. “Have done then, M. Bourdier,” she exclaimed: “do you think I don’t know your great ugly hands.” “Great ugly hands!” repeated the emperor, “you are hard to please, madam.” The poor young lady, overwhelmed with confusion, withdrew to an adjoining apartment.’

Much has been said and written on the gallantries and intrigues of Bonaparte, but Madame Durand observes, that though he talked freely of the amours of others, he was silent with regard to his own; and was, in particular, far removed from that silly ostentation, which displays itself in boasting of favours never obtained; the following anecdote is highly creditable to his good sense and self-denial:

‘In his youth, he had entertained a passion for Madame de Paulowski, a Polish lady. She is one of the two women, who, after an intimate connexion with him, still retains his esteem and friendship; and he has received from her the most touching proofs of affection. On his abdication, she repaired to Fontainebleau, to bid him farewell; and, when she learned that Maria Louisa had not followed him to the Island of Elba, she repaired thither with a son she had by him, and determined to reside on the island merely as a friend, whose society might be agreeable to him. But to this, Napoleon did not consent. He could not think of giving the empress the mortification of learning, that a woman, whom he had

• A word of contempt, a stupid fellow.

loved, though before marriage, was living in his society, and Madame de Paulowski remained only three days at Elba.

‘He was fond of knowing all the little scandalous anecdotes relative to his courtiers, and he took a particular pleasure in jeering husbands on the adventures of their wives. Having, in this way, discovered an intrigue of the Duchess de Bassano—“Well,” said he, one day, to the duke, “your wife has a lover, it seems.” “I know it, sire.” “And who informed you?” “Herself, sire; and for that reason I do not believe it.” The emperor, disconcerted by this reply, struck his forehead with his hand, and said, “Ah! how artful, how adroit these women are!”’

‘It was the Duke de Rovigo who had given the information, which the emperor wished to make use of in teasing Bassano. Napoleon repeated the duke’s reply to him. “The story is not the less true,” said Savary; “it is certain that, on such a day, and at such an hour, the duchess left her carriage, in the Champs Elysées, hastened to get among the trees, and after walking there about five minutes, entered by a private door, which was designedly kept half open, where General ***** was waiting for her.”—“I know all that,” replied the emperor; “I knew it before you told me; but you should also have informed me, that the duchess was, in about a quarter of an hour after, followed by another lady, in whom you have a greater interest, and who made a visit to the same general’s aid-de-camp.” The fact was correct, and the tale-bearer was not a little disconcerted to find, that the last mentioned lady was his own wife.’

From the second work, which is by far the least interesting, we shall select but one anecdote:—

‘Bonaparte, when first consul, came out of his private cabinet, with a pinch of snuff between his fingers, which he had just taken out of a box, that was constantly placed on his bureau. It must be observed, that several snuff-boxes were thus placed for his convenience, on the chimney-pieces, or some brackets in the adjacent saloons. After taking some turns in the first saloon, he went into the second, where he mechanically stepped up to a table, on which there was a box. On opening it, he appeared astonished, and even alarmed; he stopped, hastily shut the box, and ran back, through the saloon, to his cabinet. There he found another box perfectly similar. We need not add, that the one in the saloon was poisoned. From that time, the use of these boxes was abolished, and Bonaparte took snuff either from the corner of his waistcoat pocket, or from a box, which the chamberlain on duty presented to him every moment.’

A Classical Tour, &c. By E. Dodwell, Esq.
(Continued.)

WE shall introduce our readers to the second volume of Mr. Dodwell’s valuable work, without taking up their time by any exordium: confident that the author’s facts will be more acceptable than the critical remarks of the reviewer. The climate, soil, and aspect of Greece, always exhibited the most discordant varieties; and the contrast between the Athenians and the Spartans is not less striking:—

‘The Athenians encouraged trade and cherished the arts; the Spartans forbade the one, and despised the other. The former, who abounded in orators, were conspicuous for a copious volubility of speech; while the latter were proverbial for their taciturnity. The Athenians accumulated wealth and indulged in luxury; the Spartans affected poverty and temperance, and forbade theatrical representations. The Athenian women were mild and domestic, and were seldom seen in public; the Spartan females exhibited more bold and masculine traits, and associated in the ardent competition for strength and activity that was seen in the public games, their characters acquired an extraordinary hardihood, unsuited to

the elegant softness of the female mind. This singular contrast of manners and feelings, between two principal nations in Greece, is energetically portrayed in the speech of the Corinthians, in the Lacedæmonian assembly, concerning the Potideans, at the commencement of the Peloponnesian war. Athens, however, surpassed the other states of Greece, as much Greece as itself surpassed the others surrounding nations.’

The Greek clergy are not distinguished for their abstemiousness, for

‘Although the fasts in Greece are remarkably long and severe, yet the fattest and the stoutest people are seen among the priests; and their appearance demonstrates that they are well fed. It is certain that they neither follow the rigid examples of the ancient priests of Samos, nor of the Hierophants of Athens; in short, their chastity is not proverbial, nor are their morals without a stain.’

‘A Greek priest can only marry once; his bride must be a virgin; and he cannot afterwards aspire to a higher dignity in the church than that of proto-papas.’

The modern Greeks can never sing without dancing at the same time, and the rest of the company can seldom resist the temptation of joining the jocund party, and making a din really horrible. Love is the principal topic of their songs, which are singularly hyperbolical and ridiculous. One of their songs declared that, ‘if the sky was paper, and the sea was ink*, it were not sufficient to write down the sufferings of the lover, who had left his heart at Athens.’ Another song begun with the following modest request:—‘Oh, may the mountains sink down, and Athens be seen, where my love walks about like a goose.’ To explain this comparison, Mr. D. adds, that, with the Athenian ladies, it is deemed elegant and noble to walk slowly and heavily, and that, among the expressions of fond endearment addressed to them, are, ‘my goose, my duck, my eyes, my life, my soul, and my heart.’ Similar expressions are to be found in Plautus, Martial, and Juvenal.

The ancient Greeks had many different styles of dancing, accommodated to various purposes of a religious, warlike, tragic, comic, lascivious, or satirical kind, and many of these dances are still retained in Greece. In the islands of the Archipelago, and particularly in Chios, they have a dance, performed by women, which consists of two or more of them holding each other by a handkerchief at full length. While dancing they take it in turn to sing poetry in rhyme:—

‘Æschylus and Lucian mention a Spartan dance which was accompanied by singing. But the most curious and interesting of them all is the nuptial dance, which I had an opportunity of seeing at Athens, on the marriage of Albanian Christians. When the bride, who was dressed in the gayest attire, had arrived from the country, and approached the house of the bridegroom, she was encircled by all the principal females of that people, who had assembled before the door, and while they danced around her, welcomed her arrival with a degree of elegance which not only captivated the imagination,

* This expression forcibly reminds us of some lines said (with what truth we know not,) to have been written by an ideot, in Lincolnshire, on the ‘Love of God.’ They are as follows:—

‘Could we with ink the ocean fill,
Were the whole earth of parchment made,
Were every single stick a quill,
And every man a scribe by trade;
To write the love of God above,
Would drain the ocean dry,
Nor could the scroll contain the whole
Though stretched from sky to sky.

REV.

but interested the affections. They sung, at the same time, the *ymeniai*, or nuptial songs.'

The Athenian females are plain, with good features, but pale complexions, good teeth, sparkling eyes, and premature corpulence; they have few accomplishments, and pass their time in embroidering and spinning:—

'Of the few indulgencies which the jealousy of Turkish husbands allow to their wives, the recreation of the bath is the most highly prized; and hither, as to a public coffee-house, the females eagerly resort, and pass several hours of the day in gossiping and scandal, which constitute their principal amusement and their highest delight. At these periods, the bath is, of course, accessible only to women; but though, on this point, the Turkish manners are so inflexibly severe, the *disdar*, or governor of the fortress, had the temerity to venture into that bath, which it was permitted for none but females to use; and, like another Actæon, to feast his unhallowed eyes on the forbidden charms of the young females, who were unconsciously exposed to his view, in all their native purity and voluptuous elegance. The rash intruder was soon discovered in this forbidden situation; a scream of terror resounded through the vaulted chamber of the bath; the inexpiable insult was soon known to the infuriated husbands, and the trembling *disdar* was compelled to take refuge in the Acropolis! But the Turks threatening to attack him, even in that retreat, he soon retired to Ægina, where, not thinking himself secure from the vengeance of his enemies, he was ultimately compelled to conceal himself in the Island of Hydra.'

Some weeks after this unfortunate discovery, the culprit returned to Athens in disguise, and received an asylum in the monastery of the Catholic missionaries, through the solicitations of Mr. Dodwell.

Among the superstitions of the Greeks, that of the evil eye is very prevalent, and various are the spells used to counteract its supposed baneful influence, such as spitting in the face of the person, or enclosing a passage of scripture in a little bag, and tying it round the necks of the children.

There are few venomous animals or insects in Greece; the gardens abound with the black Herculean ants that are found in Italy, and which are so remarkably strong, that one of them will carry a large wasp in its mouth, with perfect apparent facility. There is another curious insect called the *Mantis*, which is generally about three inches in length, with long legs and claws; they catch wasps and bees, and when in possession of their prey, if any other insect settles within their reach, they first stick the former on some sharp spikes, with which their legs are provided, and then catch the other.

Our author quitted Athens with the same melancholy attachment and regret, so beautifully described by Cicero, and which every contemplative mind must experience amid the ruins of this once illustrious city. He set out on a journey to Thessaly, in the month of May, and visited the celebrated pass of Thermopylæ; on approaching which, the scenery assumed at once an aspect of more beauty and sublimity. Since Herodotus and Strabo wrote their descriptions, the country has experienced great physical as well as moral revolutions; the sea has retired; rivers have altered their courses; and towns, castles, and temples, have been swept from the surface of the earth, or ingulphed in the marshes, and overgrown with reeds and bushes; and of the six celebrated rivers which discharged themselves into the sea in the vicinity of Thermopylæ, only three can at present be identified with any

degree of certainty; thus, it is with the utmost difficulty that any thing more than the pass itself, and the Thermal springs, can be discovered, and these remain the same as when Herodotus and Strabo wrote. Mr. Dodwell's description of this spot is consequently less perfect than could have been wished:—

'We now approached the spot where the best blood of Greece and of other nations had so often been spilt. A few paces to the left of the road, is a green hillock, with a house upon its summit, which was once a *derbeni*, or custom-house. Here the horizontal surface of the rock is cut into channels, for the reception of the water which comes from the neighbouring springs. The marsh begins immediately on the right, extending about a mile to the sea; but the narrowest part of the pass is further on. The battle raged with the greatest fury in the widest part of the pass, where Leonidas so gloriously fell. After his death, the surviving Spartans and Thespians, repassing their fortifications, took post upon a hillock at the commencement of the defile, where they made a desperate defence till they were surrounded and destroyed. I conceive the *derveni* hill to be the spot to which Herodotus alludes. It is probable, also, that these devoted heroes were buried where they fell, and that this hill served as their common sepulchre.'

* * * * *

'We crossed a bridge of three pointed arches, over a river now called Ellada, which is probably the Spercheios; and, soon after, passed through a smaller stream, which I conceive to be the Asopos; and, in twenty minutes from the khan, reached the Thermal springs, from which the pass took the name of Thermopylæ, which was its general designation among the Greeks, although the inhabitants called it Pylæ. It is still denominated Therma. The principal spring bubbles out from the ground, at the foot of a steep rock, which, perhaps, constituted the *Lithos Melampygos* of the ancients, where Hercules liberated two of his enemies, because they excited his merriment by laughing at the blackness of his skin, while he was carrying them on his back, holding them by the feet with their head downwards.'

No part of Greece affords so many delightful combinations of the sublime and picturesque, as the Vale of Tempe, in which our author spent two days, passing the nights at Ampelakia.

'The trees, which are scattered at the foot of Olympus, suffer the eye to glance with delight on intervening glades of lively verdure, which are vividly contrasted with the sterile rocks and dark precipices that form the prominent features of the vale. The banks of the river are, in many places, embowered by platani of such ample growth, that while they lave their pendant branches in the stream, they form so dense a screen as almost entirely to exclude the rays of the sun. The wild olive, the laurel, the oleander, the agnos, various kinds of arbuti, the yellow jasmine, terebinth, lentiscus, and rosemary, with the myrtle and laburnum, richly decorate the margin of the river, while masses of aromatic plants and flowers exhale their varied perfumes, and breathe their luscious odours through the scented air. A multiplicity of oaks, of firs, and of other forest trees, are seen flourishing in a higher region of the mountains. The vale, as if by some giant pressure, is again reduced to a narrow glen, and, in some parts, no more space is left than is sufficient for the current of the river, above which Ossa and Olympus shoot up in precipices of almost perpendicular ascent. The grandest rock that I ever beheld, is nearly in the middle of the valley, where it raises its gigantic form into the air, impressing the beholder with surprise and wonder. Its aspiring summit is crowned by the remains of an ancient fortress, of Roman construction; a marble cornice, which had fallen from the ruins, was lying in the road. Having proceeded some way from this spot, we arrived at the narrowest part of the valley, where

Ossa and Olympus are only separated by the Peneios. The ancient road is here judiciously cut in the rock; and as it mounts, resting places for the horses' feet have been dexterously contrived in the surface of the stone, which would otherwise be slippery, and expose the traveller to the danger of being precipitated into the river. The rock has also been worn by the ancient marks of wheels; and there is just room for two carriages to pass with ease, as the breadth occupied by the carriages of the ancients was about five feet, and that of the road thirteen feet. This was formerly one of the fortified parts of the valley, as is evident by the inscription which is cut in the face of a rock, rising from the right hand side of the way.'

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Dead Asses. A Lyrical Ballad. 8vo. pp. 24. London, 1819.

THIS is another hit at the Lake Poet—a clever imitation of the style of the bard, 'the orb of whose genius (as he himself modestly enough confesses) is gloriously resplendent, but who has lately disgraced his muse by the two nonsensical poems of 'Peter Bell,' and 'Benjamin the Waggoner,' and whose egotism and conceit cannot be too often or too freely censured. In saying this, we do not hesitate to acknowledge, that some of Mr. Wordsworth's poems possess many beauties, but they are, perhaps, more unequal productions than those of any other living bard, and his two last poem would have been beneath criticism, had they had not proceeded from the pen of one who had often done so much better.

The author of the *Dead Asses* is not contented with imitating the Lake Poet's style in poetry, but he has also robbed him of a favourite subject—the ass, and has given a preface, which is a severe satire on the literary vanity of the bard of Cumberland. The preface is subscribed W. W. and, with the poem itself, is written as from the bard himself. We select a few passages:—

'The poem of the *Dead Asses*, which is here offered to the public, hath been dictated by impulses of no ordinary nature; its design and execution afford me ample satisfaction, and I know that the reader is prepared to value the work before him as highly as I do.

'Towards the elucidation of my preface, I may inform him that the following poem, (which shall be lucid* and speak for itself,) records the premature death of two steady and industrious *donkeys*.

'Very few themes, indeed, could so powerfully call forth the genuine rhymes of a simple and "unlettered muse" as that which I have chosen; and I rejoice that I have chosen it, for it seems to be one peculiarly adapted to my powers. My pen alone could do justice to the narration of an incident, in itself so severely pathetic and sympathetically simple.'

* * * * *

'Need I any longer insist on the simple beauty of my performances, in preference to the tinsel and fustian of more ornamental writers? I would fain form the taste of the age, for I am the child and the poet of nature. I am, moreover, a critical judge of my own compositions, and I pronounce them all to be, without exception or qualification, the most perfect things in our language; but in the *Dead Asses*, may be traced the perfection of my art. Surely it is imperishable.

'The critics will declare it to be a not imperishable production; but their criticism will fall like the lash on a Dead Ass, harmless and unheeded. They will inveigh against the irregularity in my metre and the inequality of my stanzas:

* 'To be lucid is a quality usually wanting in my verses, according to the critics and my enemies.'

but those who are more conversant with me will discern that, as my mind hath been variously agitated, my verses have been variously methodized, and will discover an inexpressible charm in this sweet and natural variety.'

The poem is founded on a melancholy incident recently mentioned in the newspapers, of two donkeys being found in Joiner's wood, tied with chaise-reins to some shrubs, completely starved to death, having devoured every edible substance within reach. It would be an act of injustice to draw largely from so short a production; we shall, therefore, only quote the four last stanzas, to shew how closely the author has imitated the style of his great prototype:—

'But I am one who dearly love
The children of the field and grove,
Both flies and donkeys, every one,
And joy to think he was not left,
Of brother and of friend bereft,
To perish all alone.

The other hath more perfect form—
They have not cropped his ear away,
But though it resteth perfect here,
The pivot of his skull is gone,
And now his long and dark left ear
Hath nothing left to roll upon.

And see he has a little eye,
For carrion crow hath taken some;
Now I know that it waiteth nigh,
And scanneth me full carefully,
For when I go, the crow will come.

But let me think before I go,
A goodly thought concerning me,
Which is, that if it might be so,
I, "the Recluse," henceforth would be,
Like a dead Ass in face and mien,
So calm, and gentle, and serene*.'

We hope these burlesque satires on Mr. Wordsworth, will drive him to subjects more worthy of his pen.

The Emigrant's Guide to the Cape of Good Hope, containing a Description of the Climate, Soil, and Productions of the Colony; the Terms offered by Government; a Description of the Spot selected for the New Settlement; a full Account of the Meeting at the Crown and Anchor Tavern; and a View of the relative Advantages of emigrating to the Cape, the United States, Canada, Poland, New South Wales, &c. By John Wilson. 8vo. pp. 48. London, 1819.

To such persons as may have in contemplation to avail themselves of the Cape Colonization scheme, or to emigrate elsewhere, this little pamphlet will recommend itself, as it contains a brief but explicit statement, of the relative advantages of the different places selected as most favourable for emigration: the description of the Cape of Good Hope, and particularly of the country of the new settlement, appears to have been drawn up from some recent expensive works that are out of the reach of ordinary readers. The description of the Caffres, and the specimen of their language, will be read with interest by all who propose to become their neighbours, while the refutation of the mistaken power and ferocity of these tribes will

* 'A similar allusion, and one as striking, may be found in a "Fragment" in the Lyrical Ballads.

"For calm and gentle is his mien,
Like a dead boy he is serene."

allay any fears that may be felt on that account. We may add, that the author, on the whole, recommends the Cape of Good Hope for emigration, in preference to all others.

Foreign Literature.

French Royal Academy of Sciences.—The following prize Essays have been announced by this Society, for completion in 1820:—

What is the state of Philosophy in France, and what has been the influence of Philosophy upon the Sciences and the Arts?

What is the particular character of the literary productions of the seventeenth century, and the particular character of those of the eighteenth; and in what consists the difference between them?

The prize for each question is to be a gold medal, of the value of 400 fr. (16l. 13s. 4d. Eng.). Two silver medals, one of 60 f. and the other of 40 f. are to be given to the authors of the two Essays second in merit.

Russia.—Since the new order of things, the Russians have borrowed from Europe, not only its higher sciences, but all the familiar means of diffusing just such knowledge as the government might find to be profitable. *The Petersburg Gazette*, the oldest in Russia, has been published in Russ and German, under the academy of sciences, embracing all foreign affairs, and such commercial notices as the interest and convenience of commerce might require. *The Northport or New Gazette*, twice a-week, began in 1809, under the Minister of the Interior, for the purpose of the police, and for such other objects as the tranquillity of Russia might admit. *The Russian Invalid*, which had, as its first object, military affairs, appeared in 1813, continued till 1815, and contained all the military arrangements and documents of the empire, with such use of the papers of Hamburg and Berlin as might fulfil its purpose. To this was added *The Patriot*, which appeared in 1812, and continued till the end of 1813. Its editor belonged to the Petersburg school establishment, and its object was for political, historical, and literary information. It contained many articles which might assist the history and geography of Russia, as well as of the state of the press in that country. *The Spirit of the Times* was also another paper which appeared weekly in 1815, of which the object was general, but it is said to have contained interesting original documents. The persons to whom these papers were committed, were persons of reputation, and under the protection of the government. Such publications were not confined to Petersburg. At Moscow, in 1815, several papers appeared. Already, in 1802, had been published *The European Herald*, from Karamzin, the celebrated poet and traveller, and now by Professor Katschenowsky. In this work was much literature, history, and useful information. Besides this, at the same place, was *The Russian Herald*, under Major Clinka, containing much domestic information, with all the ardour of national attachment. *The Moscow Newspaper*, a common paper, twice a-week, was under the direction of the University. In Astrachan, twice a-week, appeared *The Oriental Advertiser*, a political and literary paper in the Russ and Armenian. *The Casan Advertiser* was well conducted, and appeared once a-week, and was under the authority of the University at Petersburg. In Charkow, was *The Ukraine Herald*, a literary paper from the youth

of the University. Another paper also appeared in this place, called *Democritus in Charkow*, a monthly satirical paper, from a teacher in that place. In Riga was a Russ weekly paper, under the direction of some distinguished persons in that place, directed to all the objects of the common newspapers in other parts of Europe.

The leading periodical works in Russia, without including the newspapers, are, *The Good Intent*, a celebrated literary work, published at St. Petersburg; *The Patriot*, [revived] historical, political, and various; *The Spirit of the Journals*, an excellent miscellany of politics, commerce, and law; *The Journal of Ancient and Modern Literature*, by M. Olin; *The Propagator of Civilization and Benevolence*, by a society of young men; *The Russian Messenger*; *The Siberian Messenger*; *The Ukraine Messenger*; *The Military Journal*, a useful publication for the army; *The Pantheon of celebrated Men*; *The Philanthropic Journal*; *The Journal of Kasan*; and a very excellent work, called, *For a Small Number*, by the celebrated Zudowsky, the poet.

Original Correspondence.

POISON PREVENTION.—DRUGGISTS AND APOTHECARIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—I have anxiously waited for the twice-promised reply to Samuel Samuelson's assertion, that 'the public are in less danger of being poisoned by mistake from a druggist's than from an apothecary's shop.' There is a proverb of 'between two stools,' but perhaps your correspondents may have considered the absurdity of the proposition so self evident as to render refutation needless; but there are readers ever ready to give implicit confidence to every statement that sides with popular opinion; for the information of such I am induced to offer the following observations:—Neither druggists nor apothecaries can be constantly behind their own counters; in their absence, assistants or apprentices must attend applications for physic. The assistant, being *more constantly there*, is less liable to mistake one article for another than the superior himself; and if the 'ignorant persons,' by which I suppose is meant junior apprentices, and which are equally left occasionally in charge of the shop at the druggist's as well as the apothecary's, *he who is most alone* in the shop will be best acquainted with its contents. I have been attended, for ten and fifteen minutes together, by these junior apprentices, in the five most reputable druggists at the west end of the town, some of whom could not distinguish between half an ounce and an ounce of Epsom salts, and not one of whom I would have entrusted to compound a prescription. Thus does the main argument of S. S. vanish, like Macbeth's witches, 'into air.' But, Sir, I believe, it is possible to shew that the danger of being poisoned by mistake from a druggist's is threefold greater than from an apothecary's, and the disadvantage of using the former, in proportion to the latter, is incalculable. The danger arises principally from the greater variety of articles kept. The apothecary keeps few articles besides those he is in the constant habit of employing in his practice, and of these, the more powerful being required by him in much smaller quantities, are kept in vessels of a proportionate size, which considerably

lessens the possibility of a large proportion being given out by accident, while the druggist, on the contrary, keeps every article that *may* be enquired for, and in quantities which do not admit of the same facilities for distinguishing between the highly deleterious and the more mild or inoffensive. Thus arsenic and magnesia, oxalic acid and Epsom salts, are not unfrequently kept in jars and bottles of similar forms, and placed in neighbouring or similar situations. Hence an apothecary's apprentice often acquires, in three months, as perfect a knowledge of every article in his shop, its situation and qualities, as he does in three years; while an experienced assistant may be six months in a druggist's shop and still have discoveries to make amongst its multitudinous contents: it is evident, in such a maze, the most circumspect must be liable to error.

The disadvantage of purchasing medicines of a druggist, in preference to an apothecary, depends on their quality. On this subject 'I could a tale unfold' which would surprise many, but I grow prolix, I shall therefore request your readers to consider, that the credit of an apothecary depends on the beneficial effects produced by the medicine he administers; he will, therefore, be careful to ascertain that their properties are such as they should be; whereas the druggist is only interested in their price and appearance. If they *seem* correct, and can be sold cheap, his trade is sure; if they fail in effect, the fault must be in the physicians' prescription. In fact, the articles of a druggist are too frequently only prepared 'to sell;' those of the apothecary for use. Your's, with respect,

Aug. 10, 1819.

JOHN JOHNSON.

FEMALE ACTORS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—Female actors were certainly first introduced by Sir Wm. Davenant, at his New Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, which was opened in the spring of 1662, with *The Siege of Rhodes*, as we are informed by Downes, in his '*Roscius Anglicanus*,' and who, being prompter there 44 years, from the time of its opening, is likely to be correct in his statements. According to him, the parts were thus cast:—

'Mr. Betterton acted Solyman the Magnificent; Mr. Harris, Alphonso; Mr. Lilliston, Villerius, the grand Master; Mr. Blagden, the Admiral; Mrs. Davenport, Roxalana; Mrs. Saunderson, Jane;' the 'which latter lady,' according to Malone, 'is reported to have been the first woman that appeared on an English stage.' She afterwards became Mrs. Betterton. Whereas Mrs. Hughs* did not appear at this house, nor at the Drury-lane Theatre, which was opened by Killigrew 'on Thursday in Easter week, being the 8th day of April, 1663,' until ten plays had been performed. 'The Moor of Venice,' in the dramatis personæ of which she is first named, being the eleventh in Downes's Catalogue; and the first, 'The Humorous Lieutenant,' was performed twelve successive nights. Malone informs us that scenes were first employed by Sir W. D. at the Cock-pit in Drury-lane, 1658, during the Protectorate: 'not indeed in a play, but in an entertainment entitled, *The Cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru*, exprest by vocal and instrumental musick, and by art of representation in scenes—a daily representation

* Vide Literary Chronicle, No. 13, page 203.

which Cromwell permitted from his hatred to the Spaniards, though he had prohibited all other theatrical entertainments.'

In a future communication, I may give you some other particulars respecting the companies and opening of each of these our first grand national theatres; but the present being sufficient to correct an error in your last paper.

I remain your's respectfully,

J. A.

FEMALE REFORMERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—The article in your last, on Female Reformers, is curious, interesting, and entertaining; but, in the present case, I consider the circumstance of the women abetting the men, in the present troubles, as one of very serious importance.

When low men get into tumultuous assemblies, to resist Government, it is generally attended with mischief to their wives and families, and, while in the very act, they generally upbraid themselves for their conduct. Men are always cowards when disapproving of themselves. When they return to their weeping, desolate, and starving families, they are assailed with complaints; and being resisted abroad and upbraided at home, they soon return to their duty.

In the present case, the men are stirred up and encouraged by the women, who only look to rebellion, and not to industry, for relief; the men, therefore, are led to persevere by the same persons, and from the same motives that, in the other case, makes them desist. They, in the next place, approve of their own conduct, and feel bold in consequence of that self-approbation. When stimulated by the women, men will dare any thing, and, when disapproved of by the women, they have neither courage nor perseverance.

I own that I tremble when I think on men with starving families, forced on by the double impulse of hunger and a mistaken sense of duty. Men in such circumstances do not fear death, and our only consolation is that they are unarmed, and that the disorders are confined to one district; but still there is great danger. Were the women averse to the proceedings, they would soon be at an end: as it is, great prudence and firmness are necessary in the Government, and with these, perhaps, things may be brought to a peaceable termination; but that is still doubtful, without more mischief. At all events, I consider the interference of the women as the most dangerous feature in the aspect of the affair.

AN OLD SPARTAN.

UNIVERSITY DISCRIMINATION.

A return has been recently made, by the University of Cambridge, of the manner in which the books received under the Copy Right Act, 54 Geo. 3. c. 156. and not placed in the public library of the University, have been disposed of. It is a document which places the literary discrimination and impartiality of this learned body in a most striking light, and can leave no doubt on the mind of any candid person of the great propriety of that law, which compels literary men to make a free gift of copies of their works to the University, but leaves the University at liberty to throw them out of doors or do with them what they please. It seems that, by an order of the Syn-

dies of the Library, dated Nov. 17, 1817, a case is put up in the Law Schools, in which the books 'not thought proper to be admitted into the general body of the library' are deposited, and a catalogue of them kept, for the sake of consolatory reference to all interested inquirers. In this catalogue it gives us no surprise to meet with the *Adventures of a Donkey—ditto of a Doll—For England, ho!—Christian Courtship—Nursery Conversations—The Experienced Butcher—The Infant Minstrel*, &c. nor even *Hunt's Story of Rinicui*; but will the world believe that, in the same class with such productions as these, the Syndics of this learned University have thought fit to rank as 'not proper to be admitted to the general body of the library,' 'Lord Byron's *Siege of Corinth*,' 'Wilson's *City of the Plague*,' and 'The *Antiquary*!'

THE SOLDIER: A FRAGMENT.

THE traveller was walking with a quick military step, which seemed occasionally to flag from the length of his journey; he had on a clean country round frock, which, as it sloped loosely over his shoulders, allowed his scarlet coat to be seen: a round hat was on his head, the badge of valour—a deep scar marked his forehead; his cheeks were brown from the piercing rays of the sun of a sultry clime, which gave him the appearance of being upwards of thirty, though but few more than twenty years had fled over his existence: his dark eyes emitted the bright beams of intelligence; but he was wrapt within himself, he heeded not who was passing, who was near him; his thoughts were too vivid to engage his mind in silence. 'Yes,' he exclaimed, 'many were the fields we have fought together, side by side, and foot by foot—death flew around us—but we remained unharmed—locked in the bands of friendship, we gloried in our success and welfare; but we shall glory together no more—that last battle, it was the hottest and most fatal to my friends; Tom received a ball in his chest; poor fellow, he could not speak, but he gave me his last farewell look—never, never, shall I forget it—Clem and myself fell together soon after—our comrades were shouting victory—I was borne, wounded, from the field—but it was all over with Clem—his day was ended—well, the few must die for the good of our country, but 'tis hard to part with our friends.' The tear stole down his cheek—he paused over their memory. He proceeded, 'What, though my colonel praised me, and called me a gallant fellow, and gave me these three ornamental stripes,'—here he looked to his arm, but the round frock opposed his seeing what was looked for—the train of his thoughts was broken. 'Well, it is no matter, I had rather be going home to my own village with the news of peace, and my discharge in my pocket, than marching over lands which war has desolated, where the smiling countenance is not known—to leave these for the welcoming arms of a father, and the fond embraces of a mother, and the cheer of my village friends, is a happy exchange. I shall not regret to take the plough again in my hand, and greet our white cottage for my nightly repose, instead of the cold damp ground. I think I see my father, with his smooth white locks, standing at his door, calling to my mother, 'here dame, dame—here's our Ned come home,' while I am opening the wicker gate, and now, with hasty step, coming toward me, with his ready open hand, and my mother getting a sight of me

over his shoulder, her eye sparkling with joy, and wet with the tears of gladness.' Here his countenance spoke volumes, but his tongue was silent, his thoughts were too exquisite for utterance. He quickened his step as the white cottage came in view—he reached the wicker gate—but no father was at the door; a solemn stillness reigned around, save the tolling of the village bells—the tale of death. His hand trembled as he opened the gate—with tottering steps he walked up the path-way—the door was opened,—'Edward,' exclaimed the voice of a mourner, half exulting at the moment of recognising his known, though altered face—it was the impulse of friendship, but a moment of recollection recalled him to the scene, as the man added, in a mournful tone—'Your father,' pointing to a coffin, which the bearers were just ready to take up. 'My mother,' faltered Edward, as he gazed wildly round the room of death,—'your mother! she was buried last week.' It was too much even for Edward's hardened frame; he fell inanimate in a chair that was near, supported by the by-standers. The bearing away the coffin could alone rouse him from his stupor. He took his station as chief mourner, clad as he was—and never was there a truer heart of sorrow under sable trappings; his eyes were dry, and cast mournfully on the ground, except an occasional glance at the coffin before him, as it moved slowly along to the church-yard. The service ended, he gazed with fixed eye upon the spot—the villagers flocked round him, and offered their condolence and welcome in the same breath—the full round drop started in his eye—he grasped each by the hand; 'my father! and my mother too!' he exclaimed—he could say no more—he pointed to the grave—he looked up to Heaven with tearful eyes—they led him away from the melancholy scene.

C. H.

ON THE ORIGIN OF BARBERS' SIGNS.

THE pole and bason, though now no longer the exhibited emblems of a barber's occupation in London, are still to be met with in the country, where they are ostentatiously protruded from the front of the house, and denote that one of those facetious and intelligent individuals, who will crop your head or mow your beard, 'dwelleth here.' Like most other signs, that of the barber is of remote antiquity, and has been the subject of many conjectures. In the *British Apollo*, fol. London, 1708, vol. I. No. 3, a querist says,—

'I'de know why he that selleth ale,
Hangs out a chequer'd part per pale;
And why a barber, at Port-hole,
Puts forth a party-colour'd pole?

A. In ancient Rome, when men lov'd fighting,
And wounds and scars took great delight in,
Man-menders then had noble pay,
Which we call *surgeons* to this day.
'Twas order'd that a huge long pole,
With bason deck'd, should grace the hole,
To guide the wounded, who, unlopt,
Could walk on stumps, the others hopt;
But when they ended all their wars,
And men grew out of love with scars,
Their trade decaying; to keep swimming,
They joyn'd the other trade of trimming;
And on their poles to publish either,
Thus twisted both their trades together.'

In the *Antiquarian Repertory*, it is said that some conceive it to have originated from the word *poll*, or head;

but the true intention of that party-coloured staff was to show that the master of the shop practised surgery, and could breathe a vein as well as mow a beard; such a staff being, to this day, used by every village practitioner, put into the hand of a patient undergoing the operations of phlebotomy. The white band, which encompasses the staff, was meant to represent the fillet thus elegantly twined about it.

This opinion is confirmed by the cut of the barber's shop, in 'Comenii Orbis pictus,' where the patient, under phlebotomy, is represented with a pole or staff in his hand.

And that this is a very ancient practice, appears from an illumination in a missal, of the time of Edward the First.

Lord Thurlow, in a speech on the Surgeons' Incorporation Bill, in 1797, stated, 'that by statute still in force, the barbers and surgeons were each to use a pole. The barbers were to have their's blue and white, striped with no appendage; but the surgeons', which was the same in other respects, was likewise to have a galley-pot and a red rag, to denote the particular nature of their vocation.'

There is a passage in Shakspeare, which, although it does not tend to elucidate the subject of barbers' signs, has been so loaded with comments, that it is deserving of notice in this place. It is in Measure for Measure:—

'The strong statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much the mock as mark.'

In commenting on this passage, Dr. Warburton observes, that barbers' shops were always the resort of idle people, who, he supposes, were often meddling with the numerous instruments which a barber surgeon must use, and to remedy which, there was placed up against a wall, a table of forfeitures, adapted to every offence of this kind; and this, it is not likely, would long preserve its authority.

Mr. Steevens says, 'I have conversed with several people, who had repeatedly read the list of forfeits alluded to by Shakspeare;' and Kenrick was so eager to establish the fact, that he actually forged a table of forfeits for the purpose.

Dr. Henley is of the same opinion as Warburton, though he thinks it was only shaving utensils, and not surgical instruments. 'These forfeits,' says he, 'were as much in mock as mark, both because the barber had no authority of himself to enforce them, and also as they were of a ludicrous nature. I perfectly remember to have seen them in Devonshire, (printed like King Charles's Rules,) though I cannot recollect the contents.'

Mr. Zachariah Jackson, who has recently published an octavo volume of 'Illustrations of Shakspeare,' in which he has certainly discovered much ingenuity in explaining some passages, is not very happy on the one in question; he reads *forceps* instead of forfeits, though, for the alteration, he does not appear to give a very satisfactory reason.

In confirmation of the opinions of Warburton, Steevens, and Henley, it may be observed, that, at this time, forfeits or fines are observed in barbers' shops, though not generally known, nor often enforced, nor is a list of them exhibited; one of these is a fine on any person who shall make an observation on *cutting of throats*, while the barber is shaving any person; if, therefore, there is at present such a relic of the forfeits, we may fairly conjecture that they existed in Shakspeare's time, and were publicly exhibited.

In ancient times, it is said, though on doubtful authority, that a lute, or some other musical instrument, formed part of the furniture of a barber's shop, for the entertainment of waiting customers; this answered the purpose of a newspaper, with which, at this day, those who wait for their turn at the barbers amuse themselves.

CRICKET. A TALE.

A word spoken at random has often proved of more utility than the best concerted plans; hence it happens, that fools often prosper when men of talents fail.

As an illustration of this assertion, I shall present my perusers with a tale, which, a little while ago, I read in a French periodical work, called *Forfeits Redeemed*, and which I have rather imitated than translated.

A poor simple peasant, of the name of Cricket, being heartily tired of his daily fare of brown bread and cheese, resolved, whatever might be the consequence, to procure to himself, by hook or by crook, even at the expense of a broken head, three sumptuous meals. Having taken this courageous and noble resolution, the next thing was to devise a plan to put it into execution; and here his good fortune befriended him. The wife of a rich nabob, in the neighbourhood of his cottage, had, during the absence of her husband, lost a valuable diamond ring; she offered great rewards to any person who could recover it, or give any tidings of the jewel. But no one was likely to do either; for three of her own footmen, of whose fidelity she had not the smallest doubt, had stolen it. The loss soon reached our glutton's ears—'I'll go,' cries he; 'I'll say I am a conjurer, and that I will discover where the gem is hidden, on condition of first receiving three splendid meals. I shall fail, 'tis true. What then? I shall be treated as an impostor; my back and sides may suffer for it; but my hungry stomach will be filled.'

To concert his scheme and put it into practice, was but the work of a moment; the nabob still was absent. The lady, anxious for the recovery of her ring, accepted the offered terms; a sumptuous dinner was prepared; the table was covered with rich viands; expensive wines, of every sort, were placed upon the sideboard. Good heavens! how he ate. An attentive footman, one of the secret thieves, filled him to drink; our conjuror, gorged, exclaimed, 'Tis well! I have the first!' The servant trembled at the ambiguous words, and ran to his companions—'He has found us out, dear friends,' he cried; 'he is a cunning man; he said he had the first; what could he mean but me?'—'It looks a little like it,' replied the second thief; 'I'll wait on him to-night; as yet you may have mistaken his meaning—should he speak in the same strain, we must decamp.' At night, a supper fit for a court of aldermen was set before the greedy Cricket, who filled his paunch till he could eat no more. The second footman watched him all the while. When satisfied, he rose, exclaiming, 'The second's in my sack, and cannot escape me.' Away flew the affrighted robber—'We are lost!' he cried; 'our heels alone can save us.'—'Not so,' answered the third; 'if we fly and are caught, we swing; I'll tend him at to-morrow's meal, and should he then speak as before, I'll own the theft to him, and offer some great reward to screen us from punishment, and that he may deliver the jewels to the lady without betraying us.' They all agreed. On the morrow, our peasant's appetite was still the same; at last, quite full, he exclaimed,

‘My task is done! the third, thank God, is here!’—‘Yes,’ said the trembling culprit, ‘here’s the ring; but hide our shame, and you shall never want good fare again.’ ‘Be silent!’ exclaimed the astonished Cricket, who little thought that what he had spoken of his meals could have made the plunderers betray themselves; ‘Be silent! I have it all.’ Some geese were feeding before the windows; he went out, and having seized the largest, forced the ring down his gullet; then declared that the large goose had swallowed the jewel. The goose was killed—the diamond found. In the mean time, the nabob returned, and was incredulous. ‘Some crafty knave, madam,’ said he, ‘either the thief himself, or his abettor, has, with a well-concerted scheme, wrought on your easy faith. But I’ll soon try his powers of divination. I’ll provide him with a meal likewise.’ No sooner said than done; between two dishes the mysterious fare was hidden; the false conjuror was told to declare what was the concealed cheer, on pain of being well beaten, should he fail. ‘Alas!’ he muttered out, ‘poor Cricket, thou art taken.’ ‘He’s right!’ the nabob cried; ‘give him a purse of gold; I honour talents such as his.’ It was a little cricket in the dish. Thus our glutton, by four random speeches, gained three hearty meals, a heavy purse, comfort for life, and a most brilliant reputation as a cunning man.

Londiniana,

No. IV:

CONSISTING OF VESTIGES, ANECDOTES, AND REMARKS—COLLECTED AND RE-COLLECTED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

THE River Fleete, or Fleet Ditch, was anciently denominated *The River of Wells* and *Turnmill Brook*; it proceeds to Bagnigge Wells, through Clerkenwell, between Turnmill Street and Saffron Hill, under Holborn Bridge and Fleet Market, into the Thames; it was formerly a very considerable stream, turned a number of mills in its course, and is supposed to have been once navigable even beyond this place; an anchor is traditionally said to have been found in it as high up as the site of the Elephant and Castle, at Pancras Wash, where the road branches off to Kentish Town. Long-continued rains or sudden thaws, sometimes cause the Fleete to overflow the whole neighbourhood, as was the case in January, 1809, and again about eighteen months ago, when the whole space between Pancras, Somers Town, and the bottom of the hill at Pentonville, was entirely covered with water, to the height of three feet in the middle of the highway.

Battle Bridge is supposed to have taken its name from its contiguity to the spot where the celebrated battle was fought, between the Roman General, Suetonius Paulinus, and Boadicea, Queen of the Iceni. A. D. 61. and there having been formerly a small bridge over the river *Fleete*, which is now covered by an arch of considerable length. Various remains have been found near this spot, which confirm the conjecture of its having been the place where the Roman general, and that much injured princess, contended, when Boadicea, taking advantage of the absence of Suetonius, proprætor in Britain, in the invasion of the Isle of Mona, (Anglesey,) to revenge the injuries received by herself and her daughters, in the abuse of their persons, and the grievous oppressions of the people under

the Roman yoke, became the principal mover of a most formidable revolt. Boadicea having been joined by the Trinobantes, and other neighbouring powers, had now an army of 120,000 islanders marched to Camalodunum, (Colchester,) the nearest Roman colony, which was immediately stormed and reduced to ashes, all within it being previously massacred. The ninth legion, which had ventured to take the field against the insurgents, was next attacked and defeated; the infantry were almost totally destroyed. The commander, Petilius Cerealis, at the head of his cavalry, with difficulty regained his camp, where he carefully entrenched himself, while Cato Decianus, the procurator, terrified at the consequences of his infamous conduct towards the Britons, in his administration of affairs, during the absence of the proprætor, made his escape into Gaul, covered with universal odium.

Suetonius, with great firmness and resolution, marched with all speed to London, but judging the post untenable, he retired to unite his scattered force; while the city, now abandoned to Boadicea, was sacked and burned, and those that remained behind indiscriminately sacrificed. Verulamium, (St. Albans,) another colony, shared the same fate. Three Roman stations now laid in ashes, and the blood of 70,000 of her persecutors had amply avenged the wrongs of Boadicea, whose forces had increased to 230,000, when Suetonius prepared to check this torrent in its course, although with all his exertion his entire forces did not exceed 10,000 men.

With this army, small as it was, he determined on hazarding a battle, and having formed his army, waited the approach of the Britons, who soon appeared, covering the plain with immense numbers. Boadicea, with her daughters, drove in her chariot along the ranks, renewing the detail of Roman injustice, and encouraging her troops in the most animating language, while Suetonius, on his side, did not neglect to cheer his men by a suitable oration. The Britons came on uttering loud shouts, menaces, and songs of victory; the Romans, closely drawn up, awaited the onset in perfect silence, and received the attack of the natives with great firmness; and having expended all their javelins, with dreadful carnage of the enemy, they rushed forward from all parts at once, observing the form of a wedge, the more easily to penetrate such an immense multitude; the first ranks of their opponents were hewn in pieces, but the rest, crowding to surround the Romans, a bloody contest ensued. The British war chariots occasioned terrible annoyance to their enemies, until Suetonius ordered his men to direct their blows at the naked bodies of the drivers. The action was long maintained with fury on both sides, but finally, the superior skill, coolness, and bravery of the Romans, triumphed over the obstinacy and desperation of the British. Prodigious numbers perished beneath the swords of the legions, or by the charges of the cavalry, who trampled all before them, while the crowds that endeavoured to save themselves by flight, met with an insurmountable impediment in their own waggons, which enclosed them in form of a semicircle. Here the slaughter was terrible; for mercy, in the circumstances of Suetonius, would have been in the highest degree imprudent. The Romans, in the heat of their fury, spared neither age nor sex. Even the beasts of burden, struck through with darts, increased the horrors of the scene, and the heaps of dead covered the plains, the fields, and the surrounding forests. Upwards of 80,000 Britons are computed to

have perished on this occasion; while of the Romans, 400 were killed, and scarcely so many wounded*.

The remaining Britons, terrified at this dreadful chastisement, departed into their respective districts, and Boadicea perished herself soon after the battle, either through chagrin or by poison.

Original Poetry.

TRANSLATION FROM METASTASIO.

Ah let no fears, dear maid, arise,
That I should alter'd prove,
Or gaze unmoved upon those eyes
Where first I learnt to love.
The constant heart I gave to thee,
Thou never canst restore—
But could'st thou give it back to me,
I ne'er would own it more.

FROM THE SAME.

Ah, what a void is in my heart
When forced from all I love to fly,
And are we doom'd alas, to part?
Sure, 'twere not half so hard to die!
How do your words with fate agree,
Which bade me hail you as my own—
Which told me you were born for me,
And I was born for you alone!

FROM THE SAME.

Blame not thy fate as harsh and ill
For all thy grief is known;
And, tho' of love uncertain still,
Yet pity is thy own:
But ah! how lost to hope am I—
Bound in this secret chain,
While she for whom I pine and sigh,
Knows not my ceaseless pain!

LOUISA S. COSTELLO.

SONNET.

To ———.

Yes!—'tis a bliss superlative, to dwell
In pensive mood on woman's power; to tell
How her fair beauty, with soft silken cords,
Weaves round our willing unopposing hearts,
A web so intricate, commingling darts
Of keenest points with its more lovely parts,
That joy and pain the self-same source affords.
'Tis thus thy beauteous face, thou unknown fair,
Fetters my heart to thee! love, joy, despair,
Alternately possess my mind, and keep
Their constant vigils there; awake, in sleep,
I think on thee alone; in vision deep
Thy form I see, till my o'erflowing soul
Exclaims, 'Ye gods! what matchless parts, but what a
matchless whole!'

L.

THE MARINER'S SONG.

THE land she leaves fast, for her anchor is weigh'd,
The crew all employed, and sail on her made;
With bosom afflicted I look to the shore
As a spot that, perhaps, I shall never see more.
Dear land, where the breath of existence I drew,
Dear home of my father, a long long adieu,

* Nelson's History of Islington, Lond. 1811.

Perhaps never more in thy fields I shall rove,
Perhaps never more I shall visit thy grove.

From the east to the west, thro' the world tho' I roam,
My bosom must sigh for my dear-native home,
One throb of affection my heart still must prove,
For my parents, my friend, and the girl that I love;
Adieu, land of freedom, adieu, for awhile,
Adieu to each scene that my care could beguile,
My heart heaves on sorrow, with tears my eyes swell,
Dear land of my fathers, a long long farewell.

SAM SPRITSAIL.

LUBIN.

How deep was the guile that increased my lament,
This, this is the letter, my Lubin has sent.
He sleeps not in silence beneath the dark sea,
But bounds o'er its bosom impatient to me.

'Oh, heed not my Susan, dear nymph of my heart,
Any foe to my love, who, by treacherous art,
Would make thee believe that thy Lubin was dead,
When he rides o'er the waves his dear Susan to wed.

Oh, lend not thine ear to a flatterer's tale,
Oh, let not the voice of a rival prevail,
For thy Lubin he lives, and he hastes him to thee,
His beacon of hope on the dark foaming sea.

When the winds of the north a fierce hurricane blew,
When high on the billows the vessel she flew,
When the sails they were rent 'mid the wild roaring sea,
Thy Lubin thought only, dear Susan, on thee.

Where we parted in sorrow we'll meet on the shore,
We'll meet—and be parted, dear Susan, no more!
Swift, swift sails my bark on the half ruffled sea,
And wafts thy own Lubin, dear Susan, to thee!

AMATOR.

Fine Arts.

GOTHIC HALL, PALL MALL.

THIS is an interesting exhibition in every point of view. This armoury, which has been collected at very great expense, and is said to be the first in the world, is arranged with an intelligent taste, which confers great credit upon the proprietor. Where is the man, whose breast glows not with emulation upon beholding these costly suits of steel, wherein have been arrayed the illustrious men of greatness—the heroes of valour? Although the metallic glitter of this exhibition strikes with astonishment the eye of the beholder, yet I acknowledge the *spectacle effect* might have been rendered more imposing; but the proprietor has been unwilling to admit any but genuine articles into his collection. No. 4. The figure of Henry IV, of France, wears a rich embossed suit, the pauldrons* of which are of fine form, and his young attendant, wearing a beautiful small steel suit, adds (as all servants should do) to the *eclat* of his master. No. 13. The polished suit of fluted steel-plate armour, of one of the electors of Bavaria, on horseback, equipped for tilting, complete with the war saddle, chanfront†, &c. is beyond description superb. It is one of the six suits which Napoleon obtained from the king of Bavaria, for the purpose of depositing in an armoury, which it was his intention to found. The present proprietor purchased the six suits of a dealer, in Paris, for the sum of £2500. No. 16. is a suit of tilting

* Shoulder pieces.

† 2. Head-piece for a horse.

armour, which, although weighing only seventy-pounds, renders the wearer almost invulnerable, from its close construction. No. 17. is a truly magnificent ducal suit of polished-steel armour, and belonged to Albert, grand- duke of Bavaria; the absurd custom of girding the loins, which is exhibited in this suit, is stated in the catalogue, to 'have infused much strength into the system.' This is an assertion, which I think the ladies will not confirm by experience, nor the gentlemen by observation. But no object in this collection will please the antiquary so much, perhaps, as No. 30, the armour of a crusader mounted on horseback, which exhibits the only perfect ancient suit of chain mail extant, and is of the time of King Stephen. It was obtained by the late Dr. Green, of Lichfield, from Tong Castle, in Shropshire, where it remained for a few centuries. I think the appearance of this figure might be considerably improved, by the addition of a standard, with the sign of the cross, illustrative of the crusader's mission. The military weapons, &c. in the glass cases, &c. and the beautiful fire arms and armour of Napoleon, are very rare and curious specimens. The beautiful instruments of war, &c. recently imported, which belonged to the King of Candy, are very costly, and display a great fineness of execution. The portraits of Oliver Cromwell, by Walker, and Howard, duke of Norfolk, lord treasurer to Henry VIII, by Hans Holbein, tend to enliven the collection. The bugle horn (a decided emblem of ancient chivalry) and the bow (a common weapon of defence in ancient war) do not, I believe, appear here as accoutrements. A Gothic Hall can scarcely be complete without windows of painted glass, and I cannot but think, that such would be a great improvement here. I regret very much, that the liberal spirit of the proprietor has not been rewarded as it deserves; but, this is not an age of chivalric sentiment or glory, or we should not find neglected all that can please the eye, and charm the heart.

J. P. T.

The Drama.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—A new operatic drama, in two acts, has been produced at this theatre, under the title of *The Brown Man*, which, though *all but* condemned the first night, has, by some judicious curtailments and alterations, been rendered a pleasing performance. An incident in the piece, on the first night, had nearly proved fatal to it; suicide was recommended to an assassin as the means of escaping an ignominious death—a pistol was furnished him, and taunts and reproaches used to excite him to the crime. The moral feelings of the audience were outraged by this incident, and they expressed their disapprobation very unequivocally. We need not to add, that it has since been omitted. There is nothing very striking in the plot: Leoni, (Wrench,) a young soldier, is the lover of Clara, (Miss Carew,) and is on the eve of marrying her, when her father, Franconi, to save himself from ruin, orders her to transfer her affections to Manfredi, (T. P. Cooke,) the protégé of the Brown Man, (Dowton,) an eccentric character of abrupt manners, but exceedingly rich, and possessing a good heart. The Brown Man, by obtaining, (rather unfairly we confess,) a letter from Clara to Leoni, discovers her abhorrence of Manfredi, and commands him to renounce her. Manfredi, to get the wealth of his patron, determines to kill

him, in a hunting party, but, by mistake, shoots Franconi, who had fallen into a river, and had put on a suit of clothes of the Brown Man. The guilt of Manfredi is discovered by the Brown Man, who gives him money, and intreats him to fly and avoid the consequences of guilt. Franconi recovers, and recognizes in the Brown Man, his own brother, Rocbruno, who had been long in foreign countries; Clara and Leoni are made happy, and the assassin pardoned. It has been said by some critics, that this piece is copied from the *Green Man* of the Haymarket; they might as well have said that it has been copied from Shakespeare's *Tempest*, or, to compare great things with small, from 'Puss in boots.' The fact is, that there is no other similarity in the pieces, than that the heroes of both are men of colour; they cannot be compared with each other.

The music in the Brown Man is of the highest order, and the acting was very excellent. We have seldom seen Dowton to greater advantage than in this piece; Wrench bustled about with his accustomed ease and humour. Miss Kelly had a part worthy of her talents, to which she did great justice, and Miss Carew sung some delightful airs in her best style; nor must we forget Mr. T. P. Cooke, who, though a very amiable man in private life, is decidedly the best assassin on the English stage.

SURREY THEATRE.—The love of novelty must be great indeed, if Mr. T. Dibdin does not satiate it. On Monday, he produced a new grand legendary melo-drame, called *Richard the First, or Cœur de Lion*, in which the treacherous seizure of the chivalrous monarch, by the Duke of Austria, and his deliverance by his affectionate and heroic Queen Matilda, are very successfully adapted to the stage. Miss Copeland, who throws a charm about every character she plays, was the heroine, and, disguised as a blind minstrel, sung some beautiful airs very prettily. The scenery, dresses, and decorations, are very splendid. On the same evening, we witnessed the revival of that delightful piece, *The Vicar of Wakefield*; the principal novelty was the Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs of Miss Copeland, in which she gave the difficult mock Italian song, in a manner which called down the loudest plaudits of a crowded audience.

COBOURG THEATRE.—This little house, with its accustomed system of variety, has presented to its visitors, in rapid succession, *Obi, or Three-fingered Jack*, *The Tiger Horde*, *Wallace, Gustavus, or the Hero of Sweden*, and a burletta from the French, called, *A Wife's First Lesson*, all of which have been produced with the splendour and magnificent decorations of dresses, scenery, &c. which invariably accompany the theatrical representations at this house. The Duke and Duchess of Kent visited the theatre on Saturday week last, to witness the performance of *The Travellers*, with which their Royal Highnesses appeared extremely well pleased.

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

A curious machine has been recently invented in America, for copying engravings, by which (says the account) the largest print may be correctly copied in a few hours, on steel, and from which the impressions are afterwards taken.

Cochineal.—The vegetable cochineal is to be found in the woods and forests of Venezuela. It is, however, known only to a few. It has succeeded in every experiment that has hi-

thereto been made, and it is expected to make it a principal part of the produce for exportation. At home, a substitute has been found for the cochineal of commerce, in the common house bug, which is found to possess all its qualities. As it is not to be expected that these disagreeable vermin, which for the first time are found to be of some service, can be procured in sufficient quantity, we shall, perhaps, have premiums offered for encouraging the breed; in which case, St. Giles's, it is said, will enter into a spirited competition.

Miss Costello, the author of a volume of poems, and of most of the songs in the opera of the Marriage of Figaro, has a new poem in the press.

Singular Mode of catching Fish.—The following ingenious mode of taking fish is said to be practised by the Chinese:—To one side of a boat a flat board, painted white, is fixed, at an angle of about forty-five degrees, the edge inclining towards the water. On moon-light nights the boat is so placed that the painted board is turned to the moon, from whence the rays of light striking on the whitened surface, give to it the appearance of moving water; on which the fish being tempted to leap, as on their own element, the boatman, raising the board with a string, turns the fish into the boat.

Arts and Manufactures.

[We feel much pleasure in being the first to announce, that a Chemical Society is forming, under auspices which must ensure its success. The following is the Prospectus:—]

PLAN for establishing in London a **CHEMICAL SOCIETY**, for promoting the study of Experimental Philosophy, and its application to the improvement of the Arts and Manufactures.

It is an incontrovertible truth, that, since the revival of letters, nothing has contributed more to the rapid progress which philosophy has made, than the exertions of those societies which have successively been formed in most countries for the acquirement of knowledge.

Individuals who cultivate any branch of science or art, are usually solicitous of associating with other labourers in the same department; a common interest excites a spirit of emulation; thought gives rise to thought; opinion leads to argument; every hint is turned to advantage, and each person becomes more zealous in the pursuit of information.

It is by such inter-communication of ideas, observations, and experiments, faithfully recorded, that science is formed; the powers of men developed and improved; and knowledge made applicable to the useful purposes of life.

The utility of scientific associations has in no branch of inquiry been more remarkable than in experimental philosophy. Depending on the combination of many separate results, on extended experiments and minute investigations, often beyond the reach of individual means; on the persevering prosecution through long lapses of time, of certain general objects; this philosophy has been indebted for the best part of the success which has attended it, to the numerous societies which scientific men have formed, and the peculiar facilities which these have afforded for cultivating it with advantage.

The application of those principles which experimental philosophy has developed to the various arts of life, is still, however, in its infancy. The age that is past has been peculiarly an age of study, of experimenting, of discovery. The æra at which we are arrived is one more decidedly of fruition; the minds of men are become bent on realizing the greatest possible practical advantage from that knowledge of principles which they have acquired. Political economy has linked itself with physical science, and the great and patriotic object to which the energies of both are now directed is, to improve to the utmost those natural resources on which a country possessed of an abounding population, depends for its prosperity, happiness, and independence.

Most of the arts which supply our wants, our comforts, and our elegancies of life, are in reality chemical processes, and

the machinery requisite for carrying them on, the right application of certain propositions in rational mechanics.

In the hope of lending some aid to this laudable object, a number of gentlemen, who are votaries of chemistry and the mechanical sciences, have projected an establishment in the metropolis, to be termed the Chemical Society, the leading design of which shall be to promote the study of chemistry and mechanical philosophy, and their application to the arts and manufactures of the United Kingdom.

The perfection of such a design can only be realized by an extensive and intimate union of scientific and practical individuals. Men of professional distinction, and men whose sole distinction is a love for science and the arts; the gentleman of landed property, the man of science or of letters, the civil engineer, the manufacturer, the artisan, the agriculturist, the chemist, and the tradesman, must all be gathered in active fellowship together, to prosecute successfully an undertaking which, having their common good in view, demands that each should contribute his mite in some shape or other to its accomplishment.

No association exactly of this description exists in this country, and to supply the want is the aim of the projected establishment.

The following are the leading objects proposed to be embraced by the Chemical Society.

1. To invite original communications from both theoretical and practical men, on new and interesting subjects connected with the various departments of chemistry, mineralogy, mechanics, and the arts and manufactures.

2. To examine and analyse, free of expense, such specimens of ores, soils, waters, and mineral products met with in this country, as may be transmitted to the society by proprietors of mines and landed estates, or other individuals who are members of the Chemical Society, and to report on their nature and probable value.

3. To keep a monthly register of all new discoveries, inventions, and improvements in chemical and mechanical philosophy, in order to spare to those who, with the inclination, have not the opportunity, or want the time necessary for perusing the foreign and domestic memoirs, transactions, and journals in which the philosophical news is recorded.

4. To teach, by courses of lectures, the elements of chemistry, and mechanical philosophy, and their application to national industry.

5. To hold meetings, conversations, and discussions, on those subjects particularly embraced within the design of the society.

6. To form progressively (as the funds of the society may allow), a collection of minerals, the products of Great Britain, and to establish a chemical laboratory, for experimental research.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

'The Pargiotes' Farewell' is not sufficiently spirited for the subject.

Y. F., J. R. P., and Blue Bag, in our next.

However flattering it may be to us, that the diurnal and provincial newspapers draw so largely from our columns, it would be but an act of candour and of justice, if, like the respectable editor of the *Star*, they acknowledged the source to which they are indebted.—Day after day, and week after week, we see whole pages of the *Literary Chronicle* transferred to the newspapers, without the slightest acknowledgment. We feel the compliment, and hope we shall continue to merit it,—all we ask for is literary justice.

Errata, p. 201, col. 2, line 4, from bottom, for 'promises' read 'premises'; p. 206, col. 1, line 12, for 'all-powerful' read 'all peaceful.'

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